MARVEL

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN: INCURSION

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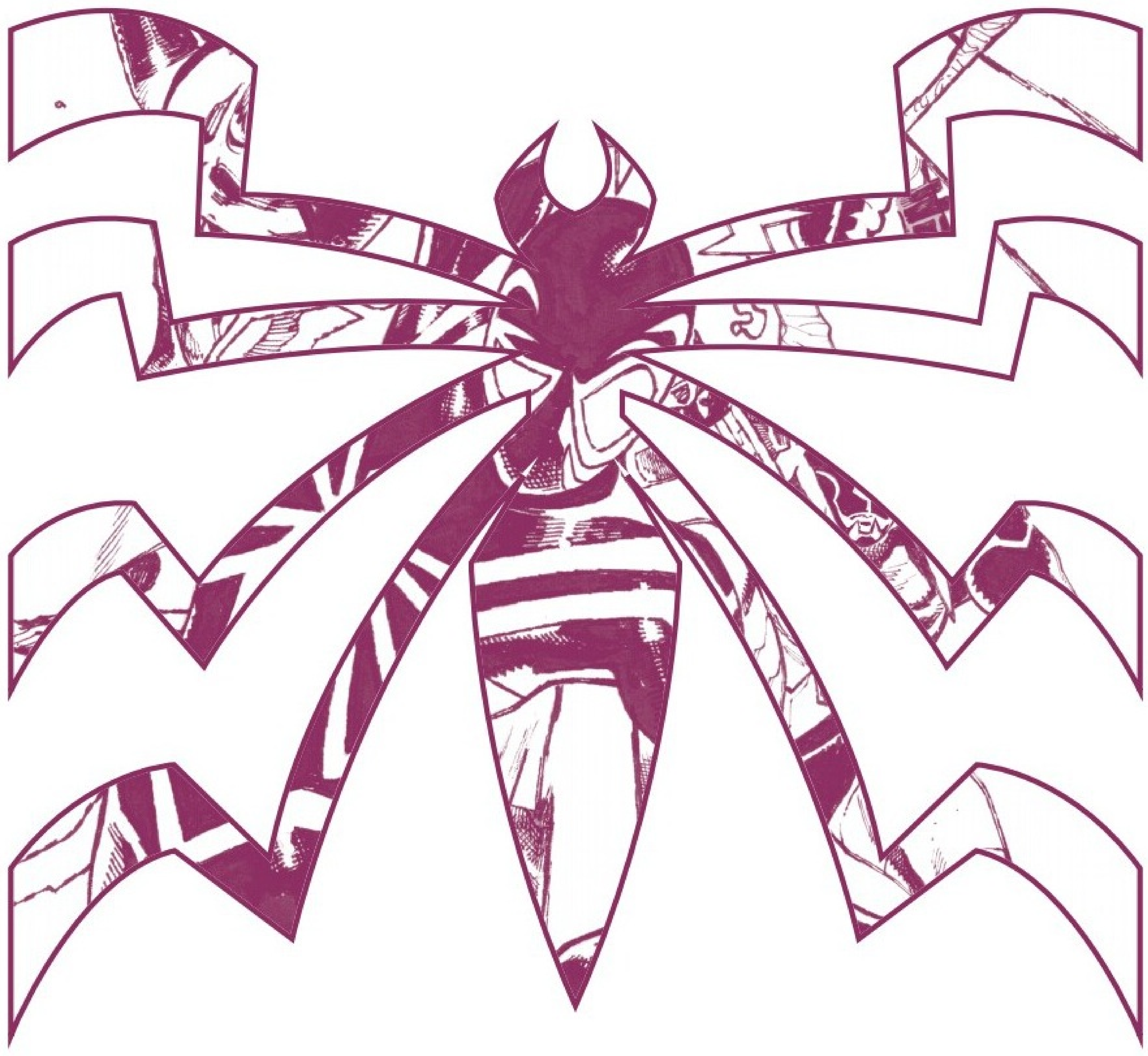
SANAPICHOM—2024
Bonvillain



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A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero and by establishing a secret council of super villains, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, that rules the world from the shadows. But now the Maker is gone, sealed away in the City under a dome of his own making for the next six months.

The Maker is originally from an alternate Earth, and when it was destroyed, he escaped to Earth-616. As did **MILES MORALES**, who now lives on Earth-616 as the teenage super hero known as **SPIDER-MAN**. When the Maker left to create his new ideal Earth, he invited Miles to join him--but Miles declined.

With the Maker now locked away, super heroes have begun to appear on this new Earth. The first was **PETER PARKER**, a married father of two who became **SPIDER-MAN**--and one of the latest is Peter's son, **RICHARD**, who uses a picotech super-suit to fight crime alongside his father.

BROOKLYN, EARTH-616.
JOURNAL-LY, MY GUY! HOW YA BEEN? I KNOW I USUALLY TALK THIS STUFF OUT IN MY SESSIONS WITH DR. KWAN, BUT IT'S BEEN A MINUTE AND I FIGURED I'D DUST YOU OFF...
HOW AM I? WELL...LIFE BEEN LIFIN' LATELY. STILL, AS STRESSFUL AS THINGS GET, I'M GLAD I'VE BEEN ABLE TO OVERCOME THE HURDLES.
IT'S BEEN A LONG JOURNEY, BUT I'M FINALLY AT A PLACE WHERE I FEEL LIKE I CAN ADJUST TO WHATEVER LIFE THROWS AT ME.
IS THAT WILD TO SAY? FEELS WILD TO SAY... I'VE HAD SO MUCH THROWN AT ME RECENTLY, BUT I'VE BEEN TABLE TO HANDLE IT AS BEST I CAN...MOSTLY.
CRAZY THING IS, I USED TO FEAR CHANGE! THOUGH I GUESS AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH, I'VE JUST GOTTEN USED TO IT...
THANKS FOR THE BURGER, LITTLE SPIDER PERSON. I OWE YOU ONE.
LIKE A PART OF ME KNOWS THAT I'VE LOST SOMETHING. EVERYTHING? BUT THAT I WAS GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE.
I KNOW I'M FROM SOMEPLACE ELSE--ANOTHER UNIVERSE. IT'S JUST THE DETAILS ARE FUZZY.
I am going...home. Would you like to come with me?
EVEN THOUGH I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH, I KNEW I COULDN'T TRUST HIM. THE MAKER.
"NAH. I'M GOOD."
"If you change your mind. Brother."
THAT'S WHY I TOSSED THAT CARD HE GAVE ME. (PLUS, Y'KNOW, IT WAS BLANK.)
BUT EVER SINCE HE SHOWED UP, I'VE BEEN FEELING OFF. LIKE THERE'S SOME SECRET TRYING TO CRAWL ITS WAY OUT MY HEAD.

A VOICE THAT SAYS MAYBE THE OFFER TO JOIN HIM IN A NEW UNIVERSE WASN'T ALL SMOKE. MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING THERE THAT CAN FILL A VOID I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD?
BUT THEN I SPEND AN EXTRA FIVE SECONDS THINKIN' ON IT AND FEEL STUPID FOR EVER DOUBTING MYSELF.
LET'S GET YOU TO BED, BILLIE. Y'KNOW HOW MOM IS ABOUT SLEEP SCHEDULES.
KEWH.
GHEW.
BARELY THREE STEPS OUT THE ROOM WHEN IT HITS ME--DANGER.
BILLIE?!

BILLIE!

DON'T EVEN THINK. I LEAP IN AFTER BILLIE OUTTA PURE LOVE AND INSTINCT.
BILLIE, HOLD ON! I'M COMING!
KWEH.
THE PLACE DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. TELEPORTING NEVER DOES. THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT KINDA EFFECT THIS COULD HAVE ON US.
KEH KEH KEH.
I'M CLOSE. I'M SO CLOSE! QUARTER OF A SECOND IS ALL I NEED AND THEN I CAN USE MY WEBS.
BILLIE!
A QUARTER SECOND AND I'M TOO LATE.
Gweh.
My...you look to be a far way from home, little one.

Manhattan, Earth-6160.
BLZZZop!
Uh, Dad, have you seen something like that before?
Cards on the table? No. But then again...
...I'm still relatively new at this. Seems like the perfect chance to let your suit do its thing, kiddo.
Right.
You hear that, suit? What do you got?
It's multiplying.
We got that.
Hold on, I'm trying to analyze the energy signature...
Well, that's interesting.
What is it?
It appears the energy is organic in nature.
That thing's alive?! How the hell is that even possible?
Language, Richard.
Sorry...
I feel that tingle again.
The danger one? From where?
Above!
Holy crap!
DZZZLAM
What the heck is that?
Cards on the table?

I got no idea! But I think it's safe to say he's not here to make our lives easier.
It w-worked?! H-holy $@%@, it a-a-a-actually worked! That s-s-stupid box worked! S-s-suck it, S-S-Stark!
I--I--I'm important now. I have p-p-power now. See?
And w-w-would you look at th-that? I d-d-done found myself a coupla s-s-spiders!

DZZZZLAM
Offft!
Dad!
Combat routines engaging. Buckle up, kid.
THWIP
THWAP
What the--mfft!
Hey, that's my--
BONK!
Aggck!
This is gonna sound like a joke, but there's something behind you.
Huh?
Wh-wh-what?! There's m-m-m-more of you?!

Sorry, Spot, but I'm the only one doin' it like me!
Oh, didn't see y'all. Guess he was right!
CRACK
Gfhhgt!
Whoa.
Whoa.
Multiple Spider-Men? Check. An aggro-lookin' Spot? Check. ÷Sigh÷
Guess that means I'm officially in another universe.
Wh-who the hell is Spot?!

Ain't it obvious, bro?
THWIP
The guy whose butt I'm about to kick!
SLAM!
Gaaack!
I--I--I'm powerful! I'm import--
I hate to disappoint you, my guy, but I got a feeling...
...things just ain't gonna work out for you today.
KRACK

Well, %#$@.
Language, Dad.
Hey, Spider-Man. I'm, *uh*, Spider-Man.
Nice to meet you.
And you're...? Please don't tell me your name is Venom.
No, but that's not a bad name, though...
Wait, no! I take it back--
Too late! My name is definitely now *Venom!*
¿Qué he hecho...?
Thanks for the save.
All good. You know what they say about Spider-Men...
We, *uh*, well...do whatever a spider can...?
I guess I could see that.

One multiversal monologue later...
Huh. An alternate universe. And I'm Spider-Man there too.
So it's basically the same?
Kind of. Sky's way less crowded here, though.
So you've really only been doing this for a year and a half?
Actually, I just started a few months ago.
So there's another me too?
Oh, Venom? Uh...I don't really know the dude that well...
Look, I get this is all new for you--trust me, the multiverse gets old fast--but...I'm looking for my sister, okay? She's just a kid.
Could we focus a little?
Of course.

Can you believe how *cool* he is, Dad?
Not in *there.*
Huh?
Sorry! Go normally about your day!
Like when he says, "I'm Spider-Man," it sounds *right,* you know? Like it *fits.*
Uh...I mean, I *guess...*
Look at how he swings! So smooth and natural!
Billie?!
"Or how he took out that...that *thing* back there."
Hrrrrrrhhhhhhuh!

He makes it look effortless.
I mean, I think a lot of that just comes with experience--
AHHH!
Sorry! Not in there.
But he sounds my age, Dad. Younger than you, for sure.
One sec.
Excuse me, sir, would you happen to have a moment to talk about--?
Geez, you Children of the Eternal Light wackos are getting weirder and more intrusive all the time!
Not interested!
I mean, I think I'm a pretty good Spider-Man. Considering I haven't been at it very long.
Dad...
Plus I've got a wife and kids. I can't be swinging around carefree all day and all night, you know?
Spending time with you guys is more important than--
Don't be weird, Dad.
I'm not being weird.

You know what *I* think is weird?
Uggghhhhh.
"Can we just drop this, Dad?"
Ghhhhhhh!
ZTTTT!
Your own father being your second favorite Spider-Man. I think *that's* weird.
Oh my god.
GET A GOOD LOOK, PERVERT!
It's not--
--I don't want--
--sorry!
So who's your favorite *father*, huh? Uncle Ben? Your English teacher? That college student who babysat you once when you were--
ZTTTT!

I--I--I took it! It wasn't for me, but I took it! T-tough luck, Tyrone!
It m-muh-made me somebody. Y-you c-c-can't get rid of me! I don't c-c-come out!!!
Y-y-you know, actually, the S-S-S-Spot's not a bad--
Bro, can't you see we've moved on?!
Read the room!
POW
KRAK
UGHHH!
Wow.
Humph.
"My lord--"

Eh? What is it, Merlyn?
There has been a dimensional *incursion* of some kind--
Actually *two* of them, Director Fury.
I see a spider
Hero, trickster, climber,
Falling, finally, always
And spider's sister
Opener of Ways
Great Gray One…this is *City* technology. The unmistakable teleportation signature of the Maker *himself.*

Could it really be *him?* Escaped early somehow?
Or some great *weapon* he left behind?
Perhaps a message.
Or an agent?
Papai, por favor...
Whatever it may be...

...I want it.

The Triskelion. Secret headquarters of the Ultimates.
That's the Maker's signature!
It's not *him.*
What are you basing that on, Doom?
Chiefly--that we're all still *alive.*
I'll send these two to check it out.
Err... *them?* I mean, this could be pretty important. You *sure,* Steve?
They can handle it, Tony. Plus...

"...they're practically local."
Call the cops, Dougie! There's a Peeping Tom!
Sticky sickos must be wearing *suction cups!*
We can't keep looking into windows.
People are going to get the wrong idea about this whole *Spider-Man* thing...
Hey... "Spider-Man." Still weird.
We've been looking for a while, attracting a lot of attention. The cops are probably on their way, and there are... *bad people* out there looking for guys like us...
So come and *look,* then.
You can become invisible?! That's *so cool!*
≠Sigh≠

Look, it's been hours. If she were in the area, we'd have found her. Why don't you come crash at our place tonight and we'll start fresh--
"Crash"?! That's my sister, man! She's 11 months old and doesn't know a single person in this universe!
Look, you guys do you. But I'm not gonna stop till I find Billie. Not for anything.
But--!
I'm good, seriously. I got this.
...All right. I don't like it, but all right. Well, we'll check on you tomorrow.
But Dad--!
It's a school night, and we're already way past your bedtime. That was the deal.
...so embarrassing.
It was so cool to meet you, Spider-Man.
Huh? What? Oh, yeah, you too.
I wonder if I could become invisible...
I can handle this.

Just to be safe, I search in camouflage mode for a while. And damn...
Spider-Dad was right about one thing.
Never seen anything like that before.
Like faded old photographs or something.
CORNER STONE PIZZA
So I swing over to Brooklyn. And try not to freak out.
(Where are you, Billie?!)

I check out our address. It's the only place Billie knows.
I thought maybe...maybe she found her way back home. I *know* that doesn't really make sense, but what else've I *got?*
Nothing. I've got nothing.
No Billie.
It's not even the same *building.* It's some other family living in some other apartment.
Do we not even *exist* here?
Ouch.

I swing around my neighborhood for a while.
But it's *not* my neighborhood. Not my world.
From high up, it looks the same, but up close, it's all *different.*
IFYOU SEE SOMETHING SAY SOMETHING
THE TERRORISTS
YOUR FRIENDS
ULTIMATES UNITE!
I can find her.
Jan, there he is!
Gotcha!
I can handle this.
A lot of people are looking for you, you know! Everyone's worried! They figure you could only be here for one of two reasons.
So just tell us...

I can handle anything the world throws at me.
...are you here to *destroy* the world?
Or *save* it?
Right?
NEXT: WASP, ANT-MAN AND WAKANDA!

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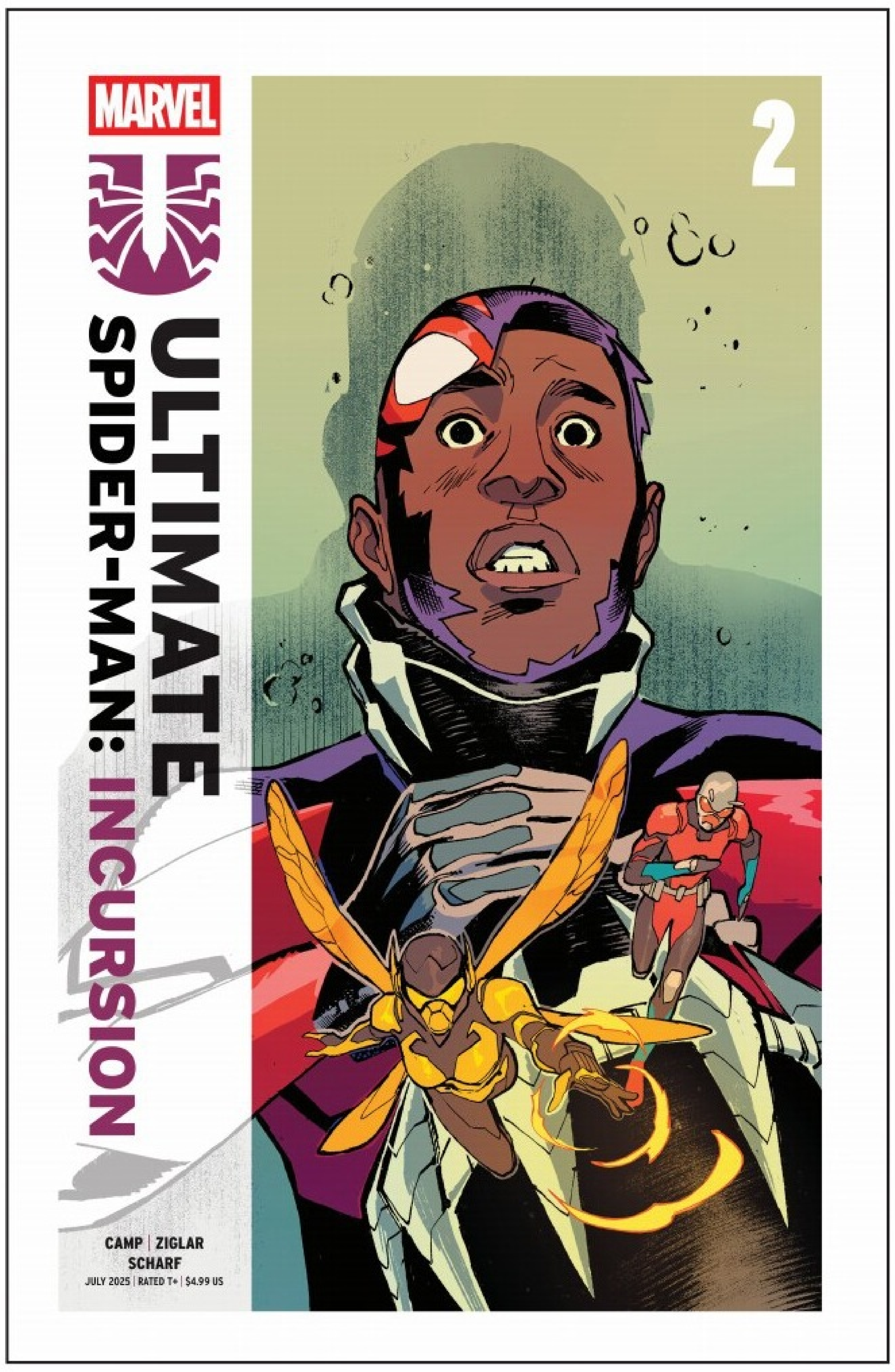
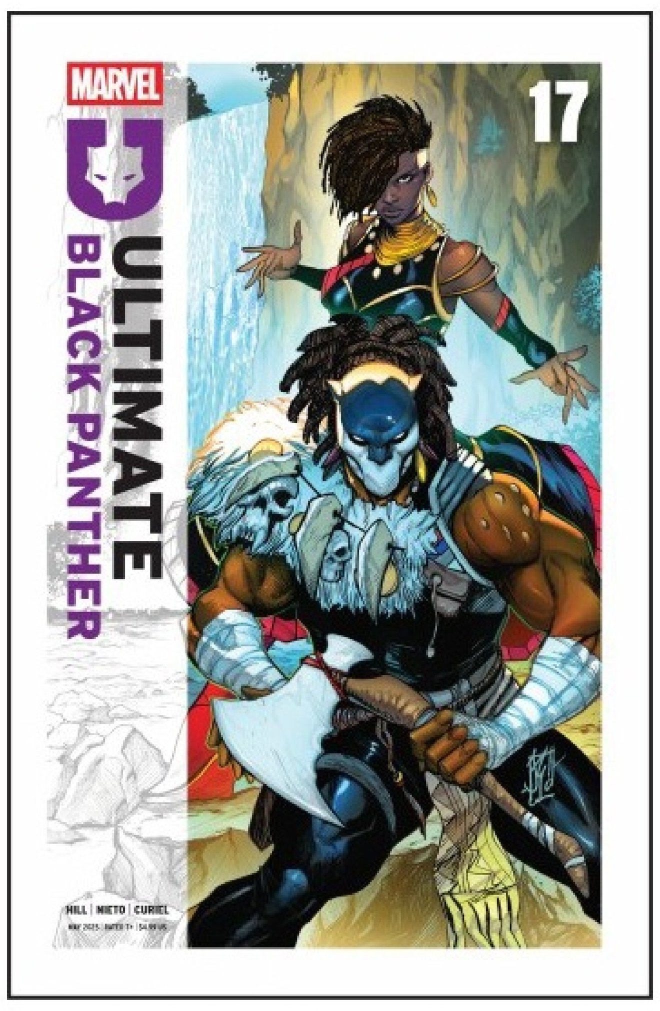


ON SALE IN **JULY**

ON SALE THIS MONTH

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #18

BY **JONATHAN HICKMAN** & **MARCO CHECCHETTO**



ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER #17

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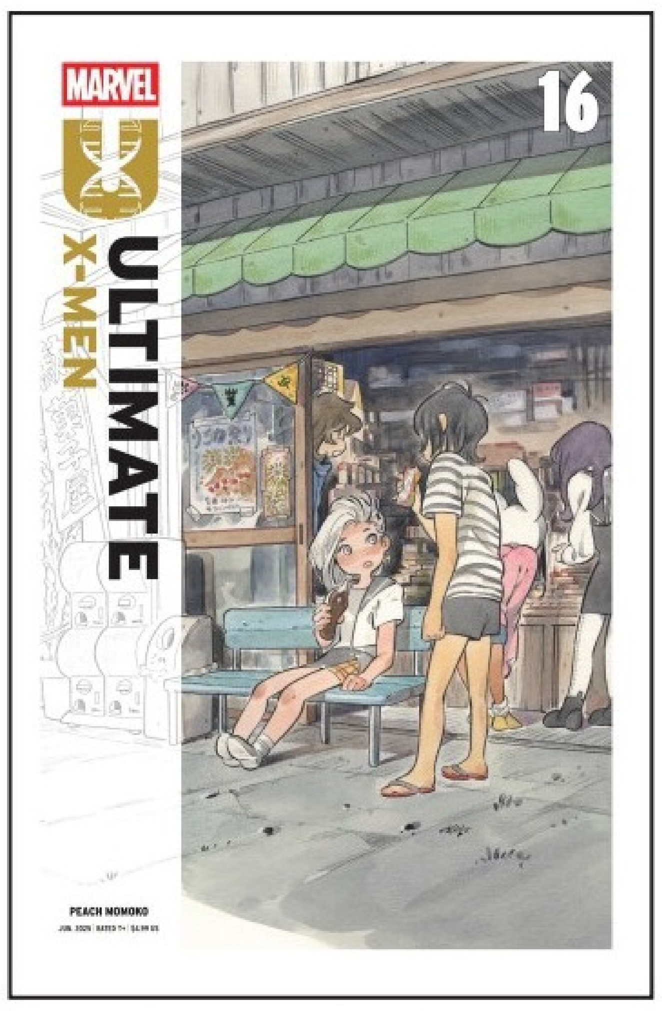
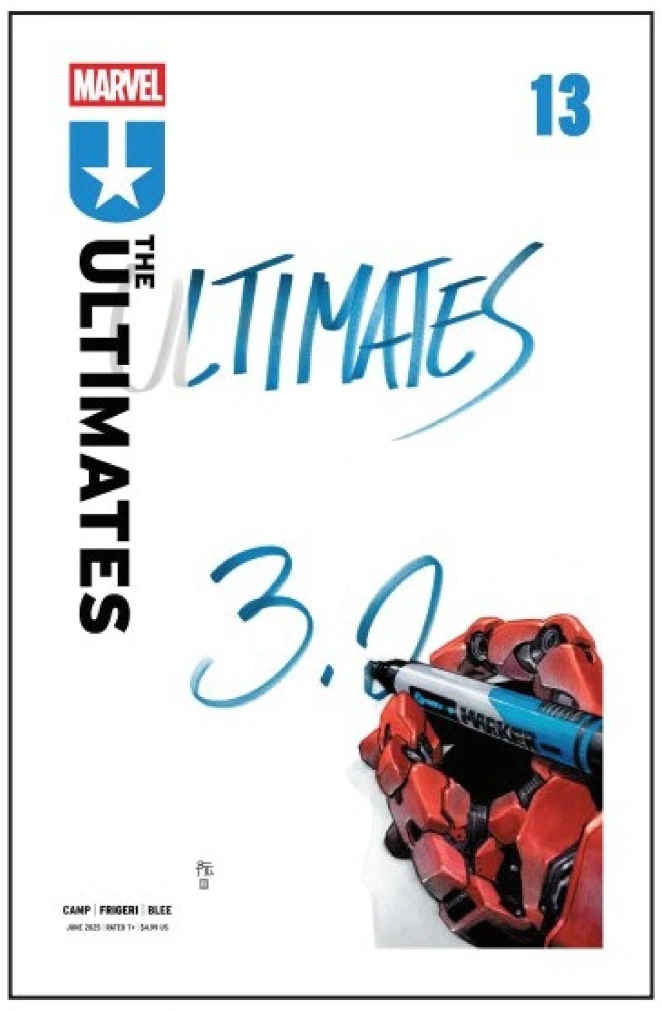


ULTIMATE X-MEN #16

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**



ULTIMATES #13

BY **DENIZ CAMP** & **JUAN FRIGERI**

ULTIMATE WOLVERINE #6

BY **CHRIS CONDON** & **ALEX LINS**

MILES MORALES: SPIDER-MAN #34

BY **CODY ZIGLAR** & **MARCO RENNA**

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